PEARY'S ARCTIC VENTURES.

The Story of His Repeated Struggles in the Frozen North.

His Achievements in the Various Expeditions He Has Headed—Setbacks in Early Years Only Strengthened His Determination.

Lieutenant Peary began the work which has placed him foremost among the great explorers who have devoted their energies to the search for the North Pole in 1892, when he crossed Greenland from Whale Sound, on the western coast, to Independence Bay, its northern limit, which he named for the date he reached there, July 4. He had but one companion, Eavind Astrup, a Norwegian, since deceased, and their march of 650 miles in each direction over the trackless waste of interior ice-cap forms a unique record.

Nansen was stimulated by it to his famous expedition beyond Franz Josef Land in 1897. In 1895 Peary tried to utilize this ice-cap as the first stage in an advance toward the Pole, and started with eight followers to make the journey. But frightful storms beset them, their dogs perished in scores, and they could only proceed twenty-six miles in two weeks. So they had to abandon this attempt, four of the party being frostbitten; and a winter's preparation was practicaly wasted. But Peary was undismayed, and later with two comrades, Lee and Henson, he crossed the plateau again, only to find on reaching Independence Bay that the beetling cliffs and rugged shores forbade the possibility of launching an expedition toward the Pole from that base.

On the return journey their food gave out and they nearly perished. Indeed, such would have been their fate but that at Independence Bay they shot four musk-oxen, which supplemented their scanty stores for the homeward trip. But even as it was, they had to eat their dogs, arriving with but a solitary animal, although they set out with forty-one.

During other years Peary explored much of the unknown parts of Greenland, practically delimiting its whole western seaboard and correcting many existing inaccuracies as to its configuration. He also located the great meteorite at Cape York, and after extreme difficulty succeeded in getting it on shipboard and conveying it to the United States, where it now forms one of the most interesting objects in the Natural History Museum, in New York city. He also crossed Smith Sound and accomplished considerable exploration in Ellesmere Land, his whole sojourn within the Arctic circle being characterized by resististless and unceasing activity.

Peary's setbacks in the early years served but to inflame his determination to succeed eventually. If he met checks and losses, he counted the gain in experience and information as more than compensating for them. His decision, therefore, in 1897, to undertake the next season a more ambitious effort than any of his previous ones, occasioned no surprise to those who knew him best, for they were satisfied that while his physical powers remained at the full he would never abandon his attempts to solve the great polar mystery. Every year, as he reasoned, he was growing more inured to the work; he knew the courses which were possible, and those which were not; he had the faithful service of the unquestioning Eskimos, and his knowledge of the northern rim of Greenland and the great white zone beyond was at least as great as any man's, barring Nansen.

Accordingly, the summer of 1898 saw him set out in the steamer Windward for his new Polar campaign. The ship was presented to him by Mr. Alfred Harmsworth of London, and his plans provided for an absence of five years. He intended to take the ship as far as possible up the North Water (the series of connecting channels which stretch from Baffin's Bay to the Polar Basin), and then, disembarking, send her home, to return next year with more supplies. He and his two companions, Dr. Dederick and Matt. Henson, were to make their way polarward, establishing caches at every prominent headland, through the medium of the Eskimos, and ultimately making a dash across the great crystal expanse which invites, yet ever repels, access to the Arctic sphinx.

But once more Peary met ill-fortune. The season of 1898 was very severe, the winter set in early, and the ship was frozen up for the winter in Kane Basin, only sixty miles beyond Cape Sabine, the entrance gate to the Polar fastnesses. Unable to do better, Peary decided to land at Cape Durville, and with the help of the Eskimos whom he had brought along, make his way up the coast to Cape Hecla, the farthest point of land known on that side of the channel, whence he could make his dash across the gleaming plain toward the ultimate north. From Cape Hecla some 450 miles would separate him from the Pole, and 300, following the coast line, from his base at Durville, but he proposed to utilize for an advanced depot the old Greely station, Fort Conger, at Lady Franklin Bay, where that expedition had wintered in 1881 and 1882, ere attempting the famous retreat to Cape Sabine, which ended so disastrously. From the fateful 9th of August, 1883, when Greely and his men left it, no human foot had crossed its threshold, and Peary counted on finding in good repair the wooden house which had sheltered them, and an ample supply of stores available for his own purposes, because Greely had been unable to bring away any more than two boatloads when they left.

In this new project Peary again met a cruel check. It was the most serious setback in his whole Arctic career. When he was entering McCormack Bay in 1891, on his first expedition, the wheel-chain of the steamer Kite snapped by collision with an ice mass, and the metal, striking him in the leg, broke the limb and left him helpless for three months. But he recovered the full use of the limb again, and as early as the next spring was making his great journey across the Greenland ice cap, as already described. In his advance toward Fort Conger, in the last week of 1898, a still greater misfortune befell him. Crossing the floe at Baird Inlet, to avoid the longer journey involved in skirting the shore, a blizzard was encountered and the party lost their way. Peary, Dederick, and Henson were scouting ahead, with one sledge, the Eskimos following with the supplies. The two parties lost touch with each land, retreated there. Peary and his comrades had to seek shelter in a cavity other, and the natives, being nearer the in an iceberg, where they were stormbound for thirty-six hours, and had to kill a dog to satisfy their hunger.

The doctor complaining of his feet becoming frozen, Peary offered him his own reserve pair of "kameks," elder duck skins made into stockings, the native footwear in the region. This unselfishness, while saving the doctor his feet, probably cost Peary his own. His toes were affected as the hours wore on, and when he realized that there was something wrong it was too late to repair the mischief. The storm over, they made their way to Fort Conger, Peary already helpless and being drawn along by his companions. In the gloom of the Polar midnight they staggered across the threshold of the house untenanted for more than fifteen years, and groped blindly about for the materials to produce a light and make a fire. This done, attention was turned to Peary, who was found to have his feet so badly frosted that seven toes required immediate amputation, a task successfully accomplished with the all-inadequate appliances at Dr. Dederick's disposal.

Here the trio stayed for six weeks, communication being renewed with the Eskimos and the ship until Peary was sufficiently recovered to be removed south to the steamer, where a second operation was performed, which incapacitated him for a similar period. Of course, this unfortunate affair put it out of the question to attempt anything further in the way of exploring, for the time, but it is characteristic of the man that while he lay ill abed at Fort Conger he was having his comrades repair the structure so as to make it habitable for some years. It had suffered from the storms, but by dismantling the outhouses he was able to effect substantial improvements.

On first arriving, the place was found to be in just the condition of domestic disorder in which Greely's men had left it. The utensils were on the cook stove, the dishes were on the table, the half-eaten portions showed where the last meal had been taken, the men's "bunks" were dotted with trinkets and mementoes impossible to be brought along, the commander's long cob pipe hung from a nail behind the door in the little enclosure dignified as his "stateroom." All these personal effects Peary had packed up, with the diaries and official records of the expedition, and conveyed to the Windward, to be taken to the United States, and there distributed among those entitled to them. The stores, all hermetically sealed and in ample quantity, he had repacked and arranged for use in his own expeditions.

At last he was out on the trail again, strapped to his sledge, with his crutches beside him, before he could walk, and ere his wounded extremities had healed he was doggedly trying to scale the slippery bluffs that lead toward Cape Hecla. But he was taxing nature too heavily, and she took toll from him in return. His feet grew sore again, travel was impossible, and by July, 1899, he was back to the Windward, having decided to cease active operations for three months. The ship got free of the ice in August, and he left her at Etah, where he was establishing his heaquarters, sending her back to St. John's to refit, to return to him next season with further supplies.

In remaining north a second winter, Peary was not deviating from his original scheme, for that contemplated a five years' absence. In fixing himself at Etah he was only displaying his talent for organization. By this step he obtained a personal oversight of all the plans which the Eskimos were to carry out on his behalf. Walrus were to be got, and converted into dog food. Dogs were to be trained, sledges to be made, furs to be prepared, and tons of stores got into portable packages. There was a busy autumn's work, and when the sun would rise again in February, Peary and his two staunch comrades, who remained north with him, would be ready for another advance toward the icy defences which had defied all the attacks of the most daring explorers.

It was on March 30, 1900, when he and his comrades, with a large party of Eskimos, conveying supplies and impedimenta, had reached Fort Conger from Etah, Peary being bent on utilizing the spring, the best season in the north for traveling, to make his poleward dash again. This news was brought by Mr. Leopold Kann, of Cornell, one of the Stein exploring party in Ellesmere Land, who spoke with Peary when passing Cape Sabine on March 13, and to whom Peary promised to send down messages on learning that Mr. Kann proposed to make his way down to Cape York and get on board a whaler, and so work his way home. This he did, and the world learned in October that Peary was thus far advanced in March. His intention was to cross Robeson Channel and move up along the Greenland coast to Cape Washington (Lockwood's lookout over the polar ocean in 1882), whence he and his comrades would essay the perilous plunge into the unknown, the Eskimos only accompanying them in the early stages, as a supporting party to get the provisions along; the three Americans making the final endeavor alone.

A NEW WORLD TO CONQUER.

Six Hundred Million American Acres Still Unused.

Some interesting facts regarding the great size and possibilities of our coutry were brought out at one of the recent hearings before the Committee on Irrigation of Arid Lands. It is not usually realized, especially by people in the East, that an enormous area of our country, 600,000,000 acres in extent, lies unutilized. Of course a good deal of it is, and always will be, unfit for the support of a large population, but with proper management it is destined to become the home of thousands, and even millions of people.

This great tract lies entirely west of the Mississippi Valley and extends over the Rocky Mountains, the Great Desert and into California. Much of it at present it a barren and desolate wilderness with too scanty a rainfall to provide the necessary moisture for any but the hardiest vegetation. Irrigation is to effect the change. Years of successful experience in the artificial watering of land has proved beyond doubt its wonderful efficiency in certain portions of this arid section—in California, in Colorado, and elsewhere—so that it is but a question of capital and enterprise before the whole large problem will be solved. Every year sees an advance toward this desirable end; Congress has some phase of the matter constantly before it; the United States Geological Survey has rendered valuable assistance in determining the flow of the rivers, which must be used for water supply, surveying and estimating the costs of dams and reservoirs and pointing out past mistakes and errors which may be avoided.

Close the mind's eye a moment and picture the accomplished result. Fifty million people added to the population east of the Missouri River, for this is the number of inhabitants the present waste lands are capable of supporting—a great nation in itself; an agricultural community, changing desolation into fruitful lands, creating a constantly increasing demand on Eastern manufactories and taxing to the utmost the carrying capacity of the great trans-continental railroad lines. It means a new and bright era of development for the country.—Brooklyn Eagle.

NATIONAL FLORAL EMBLEM

The Claims of the Indian Corn to That High Distinction.

Its Economic, Decorative, and Religious Significance—A Tradition Among the American Red Men. Pollen Eaten Insures Wisdom.

For many years Indian corn has ranked high among the candidates for a national floral emblem. It led all competitors at the World's Fair, and within the last few days it has been welcomed at the Detroit convention as the most fitting symbol that America can contribute to the international bouquet of roses, lilies, thistles, and other chosen forms.

Apart from the wide distribution of Indian corn in America and its great economic and decorative value there is another argument in its favor which gives the plant a religious significance which is world-wide and which explains the origin and original meaning of many of the ordinances of the Christian Church. This is the universal and ancient pollen worship which in America and possibly originally in Mexico and Peru took the form of reverence for the pollen of the corn plant or else of cornmeal.

John G. Bourke, of the United States Department of Ethnology, has made a careful study of the subject, especially among the Indians of the Southwest. With them the pollen of the tule, a variety of the cattail rush, is carried in little buckskin bags and is invested with all power in heaven and on earth. In the dances for the sick the medicine men apply it to the forehead of the patient, marking the form of a cross. When going hunting or on a war expedition a small quantity is thrown toward the sun, whose aid is thus invoked. It is eaten as a remedy, sprinkled on the bodies of the dead, and where cremation is indulged in, as with the Apache-Mojaves, it is placed on the breast in the form of a cross. In the old ceremony of the suttee, in India, when the wife was burned with the body of her husband, a similar performance was indulged in. Hoddentin is daily offered to the sun, and the Navajo, Apaches, and Zuni offer it to fire at their fire dances, which is held to be an example of pyrodulia, or fire worship.

Among the American Indians there is a tradition that the Milky Way was formed by the Great Spirit spilling the corn pollen or memal as he was crossing the sky to them. A form of this worship is seen with the Laplanders who sprinkle the cows and calves with some kind of meal and many African tribes throw pollen toward the sun and use it for divinations. This practice has been transplanted to the voodoo ceremonies of the New Orleans negroes.

Among the Israelites and Egyptians pollen was used for food, and the so-called manna is the pollen of the desert ash, which represented to these people the mythological tree of life, and its pollen was considered as spiritual food. The pollen of wheat was offered to Ceres as the generative part of the plant, hence when the devotee ate the bread made from it he thus partook of the body of the god. In the word pollen are found the names pall, or pallium, and pallas, which in the first language means wisdom, and this idea is carried out by the fact that many Indians eat pollen before making a speech that their words may be words of wisdom.

The Apache also takes it into his mouth to bind faith, which is similar to the old Anglo-Saxon practice of taking a piece of barley bread with oaths that it might prove poisonous if the statements made were not true, and the Romans of the time of Cicero and Horace were often obliged to eat cake before a priest under similar circumstances.

"The use of hoddentin, as a religious offering," says Mr. Bourke, "has its analogue in the unleavened bread and obsolete farinaceous products which the ceremonials of more enlightened races have preserved from oblivion. Kinship between gods and worshipers has been at all times renewed by partaking of common food, and this together with the custom of indulging on sacred occasions in cakes of unleavened bread moistened by the blood of men or brutes, common as it is with the American Indians, the Hindoo, the Mongols, the Egyptians, the Africans, and the Hebrew people, point to a spontaneous custom general in all lands and among all peoples."

The Zuni prepare sacred meal in the form of a pyramid much like the pyramids or phalli which the Egyptians offered to ther deities, and similar to the sweet bread seen in the Siviac temples of India, and the show bread of the Jews. Many of the Southwestern Indians throw pollen during marriage ceremonies as we throw rice, and some of their festival rites much resemble the Carnes de lendas of Spain, in which, on Shrove Sunday the women and girls cover the men with flour. In India, at the feast of Huli, which corresponds to our April Fool's Day, the Hindu throw a purple powder on each other with the idea of representing the return of spring, which the Romans called purple. On certain festival days a red powder was employed, which recalls the confetti throwing, so characteristic of Italian gala days.

The North American Indians often fashioned little images of the animals they wished to kill with a mixture of cornmeal and paint, in order to insure success in the hunt. In Babylon, from the most ancient times, what were known as hot cross buns, similar in name and shape to the English article of Good Friday, were used in the worship of the Queen of Heaven, the goddess Easter—Ishtar or Astarte. Torquemada states that once each year the Mexicans made an idol of dough, composed of cornmeal and the blood of boys slain for the purpose. It was then ornamented with jewels and escorted to the temple by priests bearing a serpent. The dough idol was then broken up and eaten as the flesh and blood of the god.

"The communion service of the Christian Church," says Mr. Bourke, "is undoubtedly a relic of the human sacrifice and dough cakes of earlier peoples, while the ordinance of baptism finds its origin in the universal exorcism of devils by which the evil spirits were put to flight by the laying on of hands and by sprinkling pollen or water on the heads of those possessed."

It has been pointed out that "the shapes and composition of ceremonial cakes are generally a survival of the sacrifices of heathenism." Thus the pancake is hoary with age, and its lineage extends backward into the dim vistas of the past. It is said to be the earliest form of farinaceous food known. The unleavened meal was fried in a pan after the manner of the Spanish tortilla or as is common among ourselves.

In the Greek Church and throughout Russia there is a pancake feast at Shrovetide. In Lincestershire on Shrove Tuesdays a bell rings at noon as a signal to the people to begin frying pancakes. "The habit of unleavened bread and pancakes," says Mr. Bourke, "is an instinctive reversion to the habits of our ancestors—an unconscious tribute to the early gods and deities. The unleavened bread still lives in the Jewish feast of unleavened bread, the Eucharistic sacrifices of the Christian world, and in Ember day. On St. Bridget's eve in Ireland every farmer's wife makes a cake called baininbreac. The neighbors assemble, the ale or potteen are much in evidence, and merriment ensues."

There is no plant so well equipped to be a national emblem, and the spiritual element with which it has been invested by the red men only lends an additional qualification and charm.

FOREIGN DEVILS IN CHINA.

Cigarette Pictures and Theatrical Postegs Increase Native Contempt.

As I have gone down these thirty years of life in China the words "Foreign Devils," "Chinese Devils" have seemed to remain with me as something deep down in the undercurrent of my life that every now and again insisted on making themselves heard. I have come to believe that we foreigners in China, as a class, think too much about the "Chinese Devil" part of the subject and not enough of the other side.

Do we foreigners realize what we have done and are doing to make Shanghai the sink of iniquity that it is? We scatter broadcast over these settlements, and from here into the country at large, such pictures and advertisements as should make us all ashamed. The worst ones are all of foreign women and as we sent them out, we say to these heathen Chinese, who have far more Christian ideas in this respect than we have, that we care not what the world thinks of our women.

We put her forth into the glare of the world's broad sunlight, we set her up before millions of curious eyes, and say, "Here is our foreign woman dressed up undressed, it is all the same to us. Look at her. Think of her as you will. We are so anxious to have you buy our cigarettes and come to our theatres and circuses that we are willing to expose our women in any way you like best. We so want to have you buy our wares that we willingly surrender all our ideas of propriety. In exchange for your gold we will give our goods and throw in our social purity at no extra charge." We post all over this settlement a life-sized picture of an American girl smoking a cigarette hoping to get the Chinese girl, I suppose, to follow her example. We scatter picture cards by millions, even begging shopkeepers to give them away when they sell their goods, if only we may bring to the notice of a few more thousands of these heathen Chinese how anxious we are to have them buy our cigars and how lightly we value the honor of our foreign women.

About ten years ago when the large cigarette advertisement pictures began to be so plentiful in Shanghai I was going frequently to the home of one of our Christians to teach his wife to read. To my sorrow I found one day two of these hung up in their guestroom. I told them at once how very sorry I was to see them there. The old mother in the family, herself a Christian, said: "Why, my son has just bought them. He thought they were very ornamental." Said I: "If that cluster of women were Chinese women and dressed, or, rather, undressed, in that fashion, would you have them in your room for one moment?" She seemed horrified at the idea. "Well," said I, "I am a foreign woman and they are foreign women, and I am ashamed to look at them." On my next visit they had disappeared and, on my remarking upon it, the mother said: "As soon as I told my son what you said he decided that they must go at once."

In another home of our Christians I found two large (nearly life-size), pictures of a similar nature. One of them was of a foreign woman in a neat, tight-fitting street costume; the other of a woman dressed for the ball. I turned to the latter and said: "I am exceedingly sorry to see this in your home." The wife, pointing to the other asked: "Do you think it any worse than that?" Her manner implied a contempt for any woman who would appear in either way, she seeming to consider one just as bad as the other. This was the severest comment I ever heard on our wearing tightly fitting garments, though one other of our Christian women said to me later: "You foreign women seem to dress so as to expose your person as much as possible. We Chinese women prefer to dress so as to conceal them." She freely admitted that these pictures were none of her choosing, but that her husband thought they adorned the home. Her quiet sarcasm was rather difficult to bear. This conversation was evidently reported to the husband, for these two pictures also disappeared from that home.

How does all this make us appear in the eyes of the Chinese? I don't wonder they call us foreign devils. I think it is a very appropriate form of address. Foreign men take their wives and daughters to dinner at the hotels and private residences in Shanghai clad in such a manner as makes the Chinese servants at first ashamed to wait upon them.

Sir Robert Hart never wrote a truer thing than he wrote recently about the sensitiveness of the Chinese nature. They are superior to us in this trait and we sin against it beyond telling. Some of the Chinese think very slightingly of us foreigners, and we certainly deserve no better at their hands.—North China Herald.

AMERICAN COAL WINS.

British Black Diamond to Be Driven From the Mediterranean.

One of those charming consular reports that periodically break the repose of the British merchant has just burst upon us. This time the report comes from Marseilles and predicts nothing less than the annihilation of the British coal trade in the Mediterranean, thus giving official sanction to rumors that have been current for some time.

Mr. Consul General Gurney begins by pointing out that a special department of commercial intelligence has been organized at the consulate general, arrangements having been made with the local Chamber of Commerce, presidents of syndicates and well iinformed local merchants with a view to supplying immediate information on trade matters to British merchants and manufacturers.

Mr. Gurney then proceeds to explain how the St. Gothard Tunnel and the completion, some five years hence, of the Simplon Railway will make Genoa the loading and unloading port of Switzerland and Germany, to the damage of Marseilles, which can only regain its position by becoming a "free port"—a not improbable contingency.

The most vital question for the moment, however, to the United Kingdom, continues the Consul General, is the determined attempt of the United States to obtain the monopoly of coal imports. How much of the general activity of Marseilles in the future will be due to American enterprise and energy it is still too early to say with any certainty; but one thing is certain, that a large share of the future trade and commercial activity of Marseilles and the south of France will be absorbed by the United States of America, a considerable proportion at the expense of the United Kingdom, unless British traders wake up to the danger and meet it by diligent investigation and fight it by combination. A great American coal combine, Mr. Gurney declares, is under contemplation.—London Chronicle.

ENGINEERS WITH NERVE.

Running Trains Over Western Roads Considered Risky.

Mountain Lines Have Great Trouble in Securing Hands to Operate the Throttle—A Few Trips Generally Plenty Even for Experienced Men.

"One of the greatest difficulties of the real mountain roads, like the Colorado Midland, the Rio Grande Western, and the Denver and Rio Grande, is in getting engineers," said Charles A. Davidson, City Passenger Agent of the Rio Grande Western Road, this morning. Mr. Davidson is familiar with all the inter-mountain roads, where the trains have to all but fly to reach some of their destinations.

"One might suppose that all roads would look alike to the experienced engineer, but they don't. Along some of the prairie roads an engineer can take a run on any new track almost as well as one he has traveled for years and knows with his eyes shut. But here in the West it is different. Down in Colorado, where are some of the greatest railroad monuments to the railroad builder that have ever been erected, an engineer has to travel over the roads sometimes for weeks with old, experienced engineers, who know the track, before he will be trusted with a train. It isn't a question of engineering ability; merely one of experience.

"It is enough to take a fellow's nerve to sweep around some of those mountain curves and passes for the first time. Some good men never take more than their first ride. I have seen engineers come from the East, men of gilt-edge character and ability, who lost their nerve with the first trip and took the first train for a flatter country. Dizzy reverse curves, trestles that seem to totter in the wind, precipices that seem to yawn for a fellow's life and grades that are a revelation of horror to the newcomer crowd in bewildering confusion on the view, and unless a fellow is as stolid as an ox or nervy as the devil he is apt to lose his head.

"You would be surprised at the number of young engineers who are on the mountain roads. For one thing, a man does not last there as he does on a less picturesque, more prosaic run. It takes youth and strength and courage of a rare order to stand it at all. The companies are the most appreciative in the world, for they realize how hard it is to get a good man, and they treat a good man right royally. But even this does not attract a surplus of the right sort.

"The principal dangers are in the heavy grades and in the sharp curves, though landslides are far from unknown. One must know his train and his road like a book to get through with his life on the Marshall Pass, for instance, where you seem to plunge headlong down the mighty hill. A rock on the track, a broken wheel, a runaway car or a failure of the brakes to work would end in a smashup that would startle the whole country. The hill might be a glare of ice or frost; it might be wet or snowy, and if you set the air brake too hard, so as to start the wheels to sliding, down the hill you go like a gigantic toboggan, with death and destruction at the end of the ride. The management of the air brake and knowing where the curves and dangerous places are, is the greatest part of an engineer's education in the mountains.

"For my own part, knowing the dangers as I do, I feel nervous after riding 100 miles over the wildest parts of the roads, even as a passenger. I rode through the Royal George on the engine a few weeks ago, and was glad when the ride was over. It makes a fellow feel trembly-like to think what might be, though the worst rarely happens. Such is the care taken in equipment and in getting the best men that the mountain roads have as small a proportion of losses as the dead level roads of the plains. But it takes a man of nerve to pilot a train through some of the wilder regions.

"A freight train is the worst, in that it is much heavier than a passenger, and is expected to make almost the same time. All the heavy stock trains gong East, twenty-five to thirty cars, make passenger schedule. A freight is so loosely coupled as to be very unmanageable at critical points. The stock trains are the terror of the engine drivers and all the trainmen.

"A fellow isn't necessarily a coward when he throws up his job as engineer over the mountain roads after seeing what the dangers are. Not one passenger in 10,000 would assume the same danger. The position calls for absolutely steady nerve, and one who feels that he is likely to get rattled is dangerous to himself, to the company and to all who ride behind him. A man must think and act like lightning in the face of so many dangers that he must be sure of his ability to stand the strain. No one stays any great number of years. It is beyond one's power to do so and be safe. A man may be brave and willing and all that, but these are not enough. He must be sure, and proof against stampede. Such a man is worth everything to the companies, and they treat him like a prince."—Inter-Mountain.

AMERICAN CHEMISTS LEAD.

British Druggists Beaten Through Their Native Slowness.

The chemists' exhibition at Covent Garden affords visible proof of the extent to which the English drug trade has passed out of British hands.

Foreign exhibits abound on every side. Most of the purely druggist exhibits are American. French and German goods are shown in large quantities, and the few enterprising British houses which try to keep pace with their rivals are almost lost in the crowd.

Yet it is a British house, Messrs. Thomas Christy & Co., which can claim the greatest novelty. This firm is introducing a method of embalming the dead which does away with the former expensive and cumbersome process. By this method the body will keep for years without shrinking and yet retain its suppleness. The method is to be demonstrated in October before the College of Surgeons.

Messrs. Parke, Davis & Co., of Detroit, are perhaps the largest exhibitors, while such houses as Messrs. Warner, of Philadelphia, and the Merrell Chemical Company, of Cincinnati run them very close. Of English houses, praise can be given to Messrs: Wyley, of Coventry, who are endeavering to win back for England the trade it was rapidly losing.

The American exhibitors are quite frank about their advantages. "We have found a footing here," they say, "because English chemists did not keep pace with modern requirements. They are to some extent hampered by your laws, such as that limiting vivisection, which makes it almost impossible for you to physiologically standardize many drugs.

"American and German houses are ever seeking for new drugs, and experiment largely with them. We try new plans. For instance, men for generations swallowed round pills, notwithstanding the difficulty. Then it dawned on some one that oval-shaped pills would be much easier taken. But many of your houses still retain the old shape."

There are few new drugs, but many new methods of preparing old drugs, to be seen. The whole tendency is toward compressed medicines dispensed in the most elegant form.

Narcotics are much in evidence, and the representatives of the wholesale houses declare that they are disposing of far larger quantities of almost all sedatives than ever before. Phenacetin, the favorite headache cure, has come into common use; cocaine and chloral morphia are more and more in demand.

"There is one remedy for the use of dangerous drugs," declared the representative of Messrs. Wyley, "which has acted effectively abroad, and would do so here if enacted. Let it be the rule that no poisonous prescription be dispensed more than once unless the physican each time countersigns it. A simple amendment of the pharmacy act, or a regulation of the Society of Apothecaries, would do this. Most cases of abuse of narcotics are started by the misuse of a physician's prescription."

The great growth of the soda water fountain industry deserves note. One American firm, Messrs. Styles, was the pioneer here. Now two or three other rivals are in the field. These fountains are expensive, and some of the exhibits are really works of art. They are all imported.—London Mail.

"LE HIGH LIFE" COSTUMES.

Amusing Result of Frenchmen's Attempts to Imitate the Britons.

"O lalala, my mother, how it makes hot!" exclaimed a Frenchman of enormous size, dropping onto two chairs outside the cafe at which I was sipping a grenadine au kirsch, and mopping his big round face with a yellow silk handkerchief bordered with a Scotch plaid pattern in green and red.

His hat was of black and white straw, and came (he had placed it bottom upward on the table), from Le Modern House, which is, as every Frenchman knows, one of the many firms in Paris which supply Parisians with the articles of attire worn by "the high-life English."

This "high-life English" is, together with the "bouledogue," and the "five o'clocque" one of the many popular errors of the would-be fashionable Parisian with regard to British habits, and Parisian tradesmen have conspired to make the Frenchman think that he is dressing as we do "upon the pavements of the Rue de Peekadeelee," whereas, as a matter of fact, the things that they sell him and which he wears with pride conspire to make him a thing of joy and ridicule in the eyes of every Britisher who visits the gay city.

Look, for instance, at this splendid specimen of Jacques Bonhomme at the cafe beside me. From the top of his head to the square toes of his bright, yellow, low-cut shoes he is dressed "a l'Anglaise." His hat and handkerchief you know already. His shirt is mauve. Mauve with a thin superimposed pattern of yellow checks, and its soft front is pleated into many pleats across his burly chest. He bought it with five of its brethren at "Le Fashionables Tailor," where an employe assured him, in the jargon of Anglo-French, which he is specially engaged to speak, that they were fresh from "le Laissetere Square de London."

His trousers are of white flannel, and down each side of them runs a neat strip half an inch in breadth, of black braid. He wears them turned up, of course, in wet weather or in fine, for this "le high-life English" always does, his tailor tells him.

His coat is normal, made of light grey alpaca and flapping loosely, and his waistcoat is of white pique, cut low. It is, in fact, a dress waistcoat such as might be seen at Kensington Town Hall on the occasion of a half-crown dance. If our Anglicized Frenchmen be a great dandy he will wear a red silk handkerchief tucked into it. His shoes, of course, are yellow, and square toes are de rigeur. Do you like the picture?

It is a curious thing that while many of the Paris papers cry "a bas" us, and make a point of holding all things English up to detestation, the very gentlemen who write these inflammatory articles against the "Angliches" dress as they think the English dress, and drag what they believe to be English words and forms of speech into their conversation and their articles at every possible opportunity. The fashionable Frenchman takes his morning "tube," (he pronounces it this way, although he spells it "tub," just as we do at home), and then goes in for an hour of "la boxe" with his professor by way of exercise. If he be a true "sportman"—"one of our sportmen les plus sympathiques," the papers call him—he will dress himself in the costume of "un clubman Anglais du highlife," and go out riding. His costume for this ultra-British sport is a black morning coat with tails, brown baggy riding breeches, gaiters with sham puttles "a la Lor Keetchenare," white kid gloves, and a jockey cap with an enormous peak. If he be very British he will smoke a pipe on horseback.

After a very elaborate and expensive luncheon he dresses himself in "le boating"—white flannel trousers with a broad black ribbon down the sides, no waistcoat, a grey jacket, straw hat, and levender grey kid gloves—and strolls out to the Boulevards. Here he will absord a "cheri-gobiare" through a straw, or, if he be socially inclined, will meet another sympathetic clubman and go off with him to a 5 o'clocque at about 3 p. m., where he will drink anything but tea and indulge in light conversation and small "sandwichs." It is a great mistake, almost a crime, to insert an "e" after the "ch" in sandwiches. The word is then no longer truly English, he will tell you. After the 5 o'clocque the clubman dines—in evening dress, of course, but he wears a soft shirt front to his fine lawn shirt, which makes him look as though he had been going to bed and was suddenly called to dinner; and he spends his evening at "un musicale"—which would be music hall in English if h's were known on this side of the Channel. Then he goes to Maxim's, and with other friends and ardent members of le high life, he imbibes more "cheri-goblare," "chin-goktel," "pelellle," and other British drinks, summons his "grum," tells him to call his buggy or his "dokkar," as the case may be, and drives home to bed.

I know one Parisian who has achieved fashionable notoriety in the gay city merely on account of his truly English way of shrugging up his shoulders and demanding "What it is?" when he fails to catch an observation which has been addressed to him. "You should frequent, ce cher X," I am frequently told by sympathetic sportsmen who are not friends of his. "Not only rides he to ravish in the stipplechase, but he is almost an English. There! Do you hear him? 'What it is?' he says—like all your high-life, my dear, in Peckadeelee Street, is not so?" It is among the middle classes of the Paris bourgeois that the taste for English modes of dress runs riot. To be truly English, a costume made in Paris must be Scotch. At almost every corner along the grands boulevards, and in all the streets adjacent to them, are "English" shops, (kept, of course, by Frenchmen), where the notice "Englisch spoken" may be seen, and here the would-be fashionable of the middle classes may buy tartans which would make a Macgregor or a Campbell pale with envy.

I have been admiring some delicious shirts in one of these shop windows recently. They are made of white flannel, and are called "Le lontennis shirtings." Everybody in the Hyde Parque is wearing them, it would appear. The white flannel of which the body and sleeves of the shirt are made is supplemented with a collar and cuffs of variously colored tartans. Some are mauve and green, or mauve, yellow, green, and red, others are blue and pink, or pink and black, and some are brilliant orange, mingled with a touch of rich deep purple.

I once was bold enough to tell a Paris tradesman that his English high-life costumes were a trifle French. I sugared the pill as best I could, and added that while the conception was of course quite English, the carrying out of the idea had become a trifle Frenchified. The man looked pityingly at me. "Monsieur is himself an English?" he enquired. "Most assuredly." "Ah! then monsieur has perhaps been long in Paris and has not mingled with the fashionables of the high-life English for some years. They always now dress themselves like this. The costume monsieur indicates," (it was a green tail-coat, with bicycle breeches of the same color, and a black straw hat with a white band around it, and was labeled, "Polo habit, very fashionable"), "was communicated to us in every detail by Sir Smith, who is, without doubt, monsieur knows, the chief tailor of the two leaders of all the cotillions in the high-life fashionable of London, Milor Hicks-Beach and Mr. Wilfrid Lawson."

Of course, I was obliged to bow to such a fact as this, and to retire defeated."—London Mail.

ENGLAND'S OLDEST TRUST.

A Powerful Guild That Is Now Over 900 Years Old.

"Purbeck Marblers" a Combination Stronger Than Any Trade Union. Chartered Privileges—Only Quarrymen's Sons Permitted to Work.

How many people in England have ever dreamed that for possibly nine centuries we have had in one corner of our little country the oldest and strongest trust in the world? A trust stronger even than Mr. Pierpont Morgan's "billion dollar trust," because there can never be any strikes.

How many people have ever dreamed that for this time we have had the oldest and strongest trades union in the world? And for the simple reason that this trust and trades union forms a single combination—it is, and during all these centuries has been, the safest and most carefully guarded monopoly in the world.

Very few people have ever heard of it, and yet this combined trust and trades union, known as the "Ancient Guild of Purbeck Marblers," and situated in the little corner on the south coast of Dorset, known as the Isle of Purbeck, comes nearer to realizing the tenets of the Socialism we hear preached so much today than anything else that ever has or does exist.

Just how it came into existence is clouded in the mystery of time and lost records, but there are many legends as to the origin of the guild, all more or less highly colored. The most probable is that it was first granted its charter by Edward the Confessor, or Harold II, prior to the coming of William the Conqueror, for repulsing the Danes, who several times tried to invade England along their shores. The earliest record extant, however, is the ratification of this charter by Edward VI in 1551.

The peculiar rights this charter grants the Isle of Purbeck quarrymen, or "Marblers," as the ancient parchments call them, are: That, for services rendered, all the stone or marble to be found in the Isle of Purbeck is theirs and their descendants' rightful heritage; that none but members of their Guild may take stone from the Isle of Purbeck; and that none may join this guild but the original quarrymen and their descendants in perpetuity.

This is only roughly stated, as the parchment charters are most jealously guarded, and may not be seen by profane eyes, that is, by anyone not belonging to the guild; but it is sufficient to show that the Isle of Purbeck quarrymen of today, are and must be, the direct descendants of the men who first took the rock from the hillsides in their section of the country before the dawn of the Norman conquest.

Though again ratified in the reigns of Elizabeth and Charles I, the charter has never received the royal signature since the time of James II; yet by virtue of its never having been annulled it holds as good today as when it first came into operation.

At the age of fourteen a quarryman's son or sons begin to serve their apprenticeship, either under their father or some other quarryman until they are twenty-one, for not until they have obtained their majority can they become freemen of the guild. Then they must buy their freedom, for which, by ancient custom, a meeting is held every Shrove Tuesday at the town hall, Corfe Castle, and the price they have to pay for their freedom is six shillings and eight pence (about $1.60), a quart of beer and a penny loaf.

Having once obtained this freedom, the freeman can begin on his own, and he is privileged thenceforward to take stone or marble from anywhere beneath the soil in the Isle of Purbeck, so long as he pays for what he takes the nominal royalty originally assessed. It does not matter upon whose estate he works; he can even begin to undermine, if he so chooses, any of the towns in the Isle of Purbeck, and he cannot be stopped. For until the original character, or its ratifications, is annulled or revoked, he has the right of law on his side. That this is so has been proved on several occasions.

Of course, for the general convenience of the community, no such extreme measure as the last is ever taken, but in some instances the guild and town councils have come into conflict, and, on the quarrymen asserting their privilege, the councils have had to give way. As, for instance, in the town of Swanage, some little time ago, for convenience, some of the quarrymen began to "work" their stone—that is, to chisel it to the proportions required—on the foreshore within the town. Objections were raised, but the quarrymen carried their point, and are working there today as unconcernedly as men can when they know they have the strongest granted monopoly in the world at their back.

Nor when these monopolists wish to open a quarry on anyone's estate do they have to, or ever think to, ask permission. They just set to work.

Landowners, naturally, do not always relish this, as the undermining, of course, unfits the land for building purposes. But they have no redress. An attempt to find out whether this was so was made some years ago. The owner of the land sent notices to all the quarrymen taking stone from his estate to quit by such and such a time. But the quarrymen simply paid no heed to them. Off went the landowner to London, took counsel and spent hundreds of dollars in having old records searched. But when he at last returned home he said no more about it. And the quarrymen are still there.

Every year the agents of the landowners make their rounds among the men taking stone from their estates and collect their royalties according to the quarrymen's books.

In order to transport their stone the quarrymen are also allowed to make roads through any estate to the main turnpike.

About twenty or thirty years ago it was attempted to bring strangers to work in the quarries. The effort succeeded for a time, but only a short time. Ancient rights and privileges were asserted, and the strangers had to go. It is the right of only quarrymen's sons to work in the quarries, and this must remain so until it is legislated by Parliament otherwise.

The guild has several quaint old customs they still conform to annually. When a freeman marries he must also buy his wife's freedom. This costs them each a shilling (24c), except the last one married in the east of the isle, and the last one married in the west each year. These two have to furnish footballs that cost a similar amount. The local shoemakers make these out of old leather and leather fillings.

One of these is kicked about by the men who have just finished their apprenticeship, in the field adjoining the town hall in Corfe Castle, and the other, with a pound of pepper, is sent to what is known as the Ower Road to confirm their right of way over it. These are given to a tenant living by the road, who, in return, is supposed to, and does, supply the messenger with his dinner.

There are only two copies of the ratified charters of this novel guild known to be in existence. One of these is kept by the warden of the guild, and since they were issued has never been seen by any but members, and the other is stowed somewhere away in one of the musty old offices in London where ancient charters are kept.

The Isle of Portland used also to enjoy the same rights as the Isle of Purbeck, but they sold their charter in the last reign to the Government so that Portland prison might be built. But even in Portland none but the working descendants of the original quarrymen may take stone from the hills, though the prisoners are allowed to "work it."—Pearson's Weekly.